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ADDRESS OF MR. L. D. NORRIS. Delivered at Independence Island, July 3d, be-ing the Tiet Anniversary of American Inde-pendences

YPSILANTI, July 5, 1847.

L. D. Norms, Esq.

Siz:—By the unanimous voice of the people present at the 4th July celebration on Independence Island, on Saturday the 3d inst., a copy of your able address on the occasion was soli-cited for publication in the Vpsilonti Sentinel,

GROVE SPENCER, C. W. LANE.

YPSILANTI, July 7th 1847.

GENTLEMEN:-

"'Tis pleasant to see one's name in print.
A speech 's a speech altho' there's nothing in '.." A speech's a speech aims there's nothing in

Be pleased gentlemen to accept my thanks
for the complimentary manner you have seen
fit to convey the request.

I have the honor to be gentlemen—
Your most obedient servant,
L. D. NORRIS.

JOHN STARKWEATHER, Esq. GROVE SPENCER, Esq. Hon. C. W LANE. ORATION.

Two hundred and twenty-seven years ago, in the cold and stormy month of Decembra socitary Indian, as he stood upon the beach of the Atlantic, could faintly discern, far out at sea, a fragile bark buffeting "like a thing of life," the waves that rolled heavily away seaward. Near and nearer came that gallant little ves-sel, till her torn sails, her shattered masts, her

frozen rigging and her peopled decks, were clearly visible in the gloomy rays of a winter sunset. For more than three months, had she labored on her weary voyage, her hold destitute of provision, her cabin crowded with disease and death, her seams gaping and her crew worm to skeletons with incessant fatigue and watchto skeletons with incessant latigue and watching. Upon her decks groups of men held stern and serious converse, their long solenn countenances, their marked angular features, the energetic expression of the eye, and the right simplicity of dress and demeanor, marked them as

speedily change to terror. Yes, the little May-Plower, bore within her bosom, the elements of the greatest change, that ever eventuated in the history of man, since the ad-ent of the Son of God. There upon that crowded deck stood the mind, that was to operate upon the

stood the mind, that was to operate upon the virgin matter of a new world.

And what was the prospect that met their astonished vision? Cold precipitous rocks, barren sands, frowning forests, and the depth of winter. The shrubby pine, that pierced with its tenacious root, the granitle rocks of that primitive region, foreshadowed their future mode of existence. A howling wilderness was before them, filled with venerous reptiles, wild hearts and wilder savages, the "grommon mother" beasts and wilder savages, the "common mother earth;" their only couch, the sky their only covand contention, and a few chosen spirits embarked in the May-Flower, to seek a refuge from persecution. They had heard of the pro-mised land beyond the rolling Ocean. They sought the new discovered "garden of Hesper-ides"—the dominion of the "Virgin Queen." They had heard that their summer never faded, flowers ever bloomed—that rich and succulent ance to fruits drooped in wild profession from the over loaded branches. They fancied they could hear other. the murmurs of the "sweet south" as it breathed its aromatic fragrance over hill top and valley. "imaginations busy glance" the surfas it rolled lazily in to the shore, lifting in gentle undulations the rich clusters of grapes that hung ripe and luscious, over its glassy surface. Here was a rest from all their labors, care was flung to the winds—"hope elevated, joy brightened" every crest. But Providence did not thus decree. Their's was a nature that must not rot away in inactivity and sloth. The comrades they had left behind, were to accomplish great things. They were to turn upon their pursuers and rend them, they would soon trample to the dust King, Church and Aristo-eracy, they would form and discipline the finest army in Europe and make the name of England and sinking party and sect, unite as a band of brothers "firm, tried and true."

ship," "look to the commodore" is passed along the line. Every gun now hears upon that noble vessel, broadside after broadside is hurled into her devoted bosom, sweeping her quarter decks and filling her cockpit with dead and feared and repected throughout the world. But to these was assigned a higher and a nobler to these was assigned a higher and a nobler duty—they had stern behests yet to perform—a country to create, and Freedoms banner to bear in the heat and dust of battle, almost unaided against a world. The fine gold of their character must be tried. Hence, their anchor fell on the rocks that girt New England. Hence, their fellows that grant production was considered and revalution. You are the deacendants of our Pil-grant Fathers, you have read the history of our country and revalution.

"There into life an infant Empire springs! There falls the iron from the soul;
There liberty's young accents roll,
Up to the Kings of Kings!
To fair creation's fartherest bound,
That thrilling summons yet shall sound:
The dreaming nations shall awake,
And to their centre earths old kingdoms shake
Pontiff and Prince, your sway
Must crumble from this day;
Before the loftier throne of Heaven,
The hand is raised, the pledge is given,
One monarch to obey, one creed to own
That monarch, God, that creed His word
alone." There falls the iron from the se

ren sands of Plymouth.

Two hundred and twenty-seven years ago, from the Pole to the Equator, from Ocean to Ocean this continent was a wilderness. The "solitary Indian" who greeted that "Pilgrim Bark" was his descendents who peopled those glades and forests, is gone, and "their degraded offspring crawl upon the earth when they walked in majesty"—they have disappeared like snow before the advancing wave of civilzation, and 'ere long will make their last stand, under the frowning summit of the Rocky Mountains.

Two hundred and twenty-seven years ago, forty-one stern and unbending Puritans stood alone on the Rock of Plymosth, in the fading sunset of a December evening, houseless and homeless, almost the only civilized beings on

homeless, almost the only civilized beings on the continent of North America.

Two hundred and twenty-seven years ago, the "tree of liberty" was planted in the cold gorges of the mountains of New England, where slaves could not live, you now sit under its branches, reach forth your hand, partake of its and we were appointed a committee for the purpose of procuring a copy which we trust you will have the kindness to grant us.

We are Respectfully Yours, &c.,

JOHN STARKWEATHER,

CROWN SPENCER

Your favor of the 5th is before me. I take great pleasure in complying with the wishes of the "people present" at our late celebration the "people present" at our late celebration the perhaps were my reputation conselted, it would be the property of the people present to the people pre advise me to refuse. Having but a few days your bench and your counter, and come up, on to prepare the address, I am satisfied that the favorable reception it met with—if such was the case—arose mere from the enthusiasm of "the day" than intrinsic merit. Such as it is I resign it to your "tender mercies:"

to offer up your vows and supplications to the "God of Battles" that even as with his chosen people, he may continue to go before as with the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by nights.

ted now stand shoulder to shoulder around our constitution. From Boston to New Orleans liberty and konor. the shore of the Atlantic is lined with populous and thriving cities. The busy hum of commerce, the great hand maiden of wealth is incessant and unremitting. Our keels vex every sea. Our Flag floats in every breeze. Ocean steamers, with their magic speed, have added another link to the chain of friendship that now worthy example of the heroic spirit of our southern stands. At the right of worth spirit of our southern stands out in bold relief, a worthy example of the heroic spirit of our southern stands. binds us to our ancient old step mother. Should we leave the crowded shore of the Atlantic, on steam car and steamboat that almost annihilate space, we traverse this vast continent, we find cities epting up like the "prophets goard." stances of individual heroism and desperate defind cities enring up like the "prophets gourd."

The iron bands of our Railroads and Telegraphs bind together yet more firmly the States of this great Union, nay the echo of the falling forest ferings of those "iron men," than all the petty scarce dies away, 'ere the snorting and panting of the Iron horse is heard in the distance. The spire of the church, shoots up side by side with the towering "asc narch of the furest," and be-

of alvancing, kee's, and the whole union leston were clouded with excited citizens.from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Twas a lovely morning, a zephyr like breeze Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains-not to say father-is like a vast ant-heap, running and hurrying to and fro, jostling and crowding a-long, each tugging with might and main at some particular grain, and all active, restless, from the fort, but on they swept into the bar-

"going ahead."

The nations of Europe stand aginst, at the "doings and sayings" of Americans; each steamer as it touches their shore, bears to them some new devolopement of Auglo American character. Our progress is so rapid the changes we undergo are so incessant, that they cannot theorize upon our growth, or speculate ering the world their enemy and God their only protector. They had been hunted like lahm sellites from city to city. They wearied of strife and what was intended for poetic fiction 'ere the ink is dry is sober truth. On the one hand they see us extending the protecting ægis of our government over misguided Mexico and boldly chastizing her into penitence, if not sub-mission. On the other they behold the same young America, "with more than fillal piety, putting the full breast of its youthful exuberance to the mouth" of starving, exhausted Old Erin-fighting one hemisphere-feeding an-

But, Fellow Citizenst while we thus con gratulate ourselves, as members of this great and growing confederacy, while we look across our great lakes and bless God, that we are no colonial dependants, that no titled aristocracy or lordly land holders are over us, that no established church, hangs like a dark gloud between us and heaven-let us recollect with sentiments of tenderest gratitude, those who boldly staked "their lives, their fortunes, and Freedom—not for themselves, their fortines, and A chance shot parts the spring cable of the their sacred honor," in the desperate game of commodores frigate and she swings round stern towards the "slaughter pen," and "look to flag us recount their sufferings and their success!— ship," "look to the commodore" is passed along the line. Every gun now hears tipon that no-

Fellow Citizens, the history of that glorious struggle, is familiar to you all. Each succeding garden of Eden was changed to a rocky, deso-late, savage, and pestilential wilderness; and alone unsupported, save by the unconquerable will they bore, with the eye of the Ever Living over, and His arm around, they kneel on the baroxen in the furrow, and the mechanics who had deserted their benches, and while they listened to the inpassioned and fervent prayer of their spiritual teacher, calling down the blessing's of heaven on their cause, they trembled with impatience to join their brothers, already in the field in the contest for freedom of religious opinion for "their altars and their fires." You can almost see the golden rays of the morning sun, that on the 17th of June 1775 gilded the creat of Bunker Hill. With memory's telescopic vision, you glance over the buried past and see that little redoubt, filled with 1500 as noble spirits, as ever breathed the air of heaven—listen

Two hundred and twenty-seven years ago, from the Pole to the Equator, from Ocean to Ocean this continent was a wildernoss. The Bark" with his descendents who peopled those plades and forests, is gone, and "their degraded of in majesty"—they have disappeared like snow before the advanctage wave of civilization, and ere long will make their last stand, under the frowning summit of the Rocky Mountains. Two hundred and twenty-seven years ago, orty-one stern and unbending Puritans stood lone on the Rock of Plysewith, in the faining puritans stood lone on the Rock of Plysewith, in the faining summit of the Rock of Plysewith, in the faining summit of the Rock of Plysewith, in the faining summit of the Rock of Plysewith, in the faining puritans stood lone on the Rock of Plysewith, in the faining puritans stood lone on the Rock of Plysewith, in the faining puritans stood lone on the Rock of Plysewith, in the faining puritans stood lone on the Rock of Plysewith, in the faining puritans stood lone on the Rock of Plysewith, in the faining puritans stood lone on the Rock of Plysewith, in the faining puritans stood lone on the Rock of Plysewith, in the faining puritans stood lone on the Rock of Plysewith, in the faining that lie below, they march with thereby tread with thirty cannon, in a green log fort, beat off a December evening, houselers and the lie below, they march with the even the destance, strains of meightoring distinct confederation, reared the finest government of chaos, and upon the broken fragments of a locan, and upon the broken fragments of the short the finest governments of a locan, and upon t summers breeze four thousand of England's bra-vest Infantry form at the foot of that sacred hill. Shoulder to shoulder—while redoubled thunder bursts from the winged monsters of the deep that lie below, they march with theavy trend that shakes the earth, up toward that silent redoubt and haltings pour in their regular volkes. But silence, deep, unbroken, reigns behind that little mound—the flag droops heavily against the staff—and all is still. Suddenly a low murmur runs along the line, and "look to their belts," "look to their belts" is followed by a the sacrifices made that it might flourish, the care and solicitude experienced by our Fore-fathers for its future growth and preservation, or the tears and blood with which it was watered.

Fellow Citizens, the headlong speed with which the Anglo American character pursues its favorite object, the incessant employment of mind and body, hardly gives us time to re-

burning Charleston rolling up volumes of smoke that mingles with the smoke of battle and adds grandeur and sublimity to the scene. Again is that stern army hurted from the face of that Let us then contemplate the changes of the last two centuries. Let us see how "the wilderness has been made to blossom like the limbs and bedabbled uniforms, like a crock of flowers crushed to earth that attest with awful

Nor was it near the "cradle of American libfence, brings much closer home to our feelings privations and despondencies of a long cam-paign. You will recollect that, for the de-fence of a State and City, against threatened attacked, of a large British fleet, a few palmet-to logs were floated down to Sullivan's Island, the towering "macharch of the ferest," and beneath its protecting shade sits the modest little school house, that powerful engine for the preservation of our liberties and our virtue, the great enemy of Tyrants, the great friend of freedom, the d stinctive feature of American civilization and progress.

attackee, or a large to long the large to long were floated down to Sullivan's Island, that commanded the harbor of Charleston, and a "square pen" with bastions at each angle, an outer and inner wall, the intervening space of ests of metto down, the d stinctive feature of American civilization and progress. gently rippled the mirrored surface of the bay. lengthening the tall shadows of the tapering masts. Moultrle imparient for the contest,—when "within point blank shot" opened his fire or, dropping anchor and stripping for the contest, that mighty fleet opened with a broadside that rocked that little structure as though i were heaved by an earthquake, but the "good palmetto" closed over the balls and the fight

vent bravely on. For eleven hours, under a burning sun, tho thirty guns belched forth their iron fire, the bomb vessel was riddled like a sieve, the frigates were pierced with shot holes, their decks with dead and dying, but still the battle raged. "That w And now the burning sun that all the live long day, had wheeled his firey disk in the mid heaven, sank to the western horizon. His lingering beams as they penetrated the battle cloud lifted for a moment the smoke that hung heavy over the bay. And there leaning against the vats another, with handkerchiefs bornd around lust, were training those heavy guns "with the deadly precision of practiced artillerists.

A shot comes booming across the water, glances along parapet, carrying from the low wall a coat into a neighboring tree. While 'see that coat," "see that coat," bursts in merry laugh from that fearless group of heroes. A chance shot parts the spring cable of the towards the "slaughter pen," and "look to flag ship," "look to the commodore" is passed along the line. Every gun now hears upon that noble vessel, broadside after broadside is hurled into her devoted bosom, sweeping her quarter stood Washington, sending his clear, calin decks and filling her cockpit with dead and woice over the tumult, inspiring hope and cour-wounded. Trembling "like a smitten ox from age, when both seemed madness. Never before behind the western hills, "the beautious queen of night has shot out her barge into the wide etherial sea," and still those sons of liberty balls as they told with fearful certainty against the "wooden walls" of Old England. Every man behind those rough logs was a hero. Sergeant Jasper leaped from the ramparts and walk-

thirty cannon, in a green log fort, beat off a British of two hundred and sixty six guns and over two thousand men, after an 18 hour fight.

Fellow Citizens—let us follow now that Patriot band through all the trials of that seven

year war, the evacuation of New York, the campaign of Canada. Recall to mind the enegy campaign of Canada. Recall to mind the enegy and daring of the traitor Arnold and the gallant spirits, that cressed the pathless wilderness, young and high-Souled Montgomery, Burr, and the host of heroes that composed that little spartan band. The mind with the swiftness of tan band. The mind with the swiftness of light flies on, before the pen. There is Benington with Stark and his "Green Mountain Boys," and Saratoga and Stillwater and bold upon the canvast tides again that traitor Arnold, mounted on his coal black steed, fighting like a fiend incarnate. There is Trenton and Brandy wine, and Germantown, and Cowpen, and Camden, and Tuildford, and the Belaware, and Princeton, and Monmouth and Hobkitk Hill, and Eutau Springs, and Savanah, and Valley Forge, and there they will remain forever—fresh in undying youth, immortal as the principles they illustrate, insusceptible of mutability or de-

cay.

And as the mind runs over these battle grounds of freedom, the names of the heroes of those glorious struggls rush upon the recollection. The immortal Lafayette who left the sunny hill sides of France—a republican who returned a Patriot and a Hero. The impetuous and daring Wayne. The crafty Marion The Iron souled Stark. The rough old son of Thunder Putman. Greene, Know Sulfivam Jottes, Lincoln. Lee, Clinton, Stirling, DeKaib, Kociusko, you recollect them much faster than I can enumerate. All heroes whose memory is embalmed in the hearts of a grateful nation, and the remembrance of whose brave deeds and patriotic exertions will continue to thrill the The immortal Lafayette who left the patriotic exertions will continue to thrill the hearts of unborn millions. "When some soli-tary tourist shall lean against the broken arch of London Bridge and sketch the crumbling col-umns of St. Paul, while a single naked fisher-man shall wash his nets in the River of the ten

ored, and equally dear.

And what results! The prondest and most powerful nation of the world, is humbled and beaten, her richest and most flourishing colony torne from her grasp, man's civil regeneration commenced, a nation of slaves transformed to a nation of freeman, a weak and independent colony to a free and independent republic, and the human mind advanced more than one hun-

Fellow Citizens, there is one namenum et venerabile nomen"—"dear to every A-meritan heart" that I approach with sacred rev-erence and awe, who through all the trials and difficulties of that Revolution, towered among the great men of the age, like some lofty column, unaffected by elemental strife, solitary

when the British Empire roused itself for our overthrow, and it required more than a prophet's vision to see light through the cloud that hung

over our prospect.
Through a long Indian war we had faced the dreary wilderness and lurking savage without logs, stood Moultrie cooly smoking a cigar, in fear, and cheerfully encountered every trial, and gay converse with his officers and men, who with boots thrown one way and hats and craning of prosperity dawning, a day so dark and their heads, faces begrimed with powder and dust, were training those heavy guns "with pet of war sounded through all our peaceful the Farmer from his plough and the man of wealth from his repose, and the shock came .-Our cities were ravaged, our towns laid waste, ail our strongholds taken and our citizens butchered, yet still the nation stood firm in her integrity and her purpose. At length defeat came, and with it despondency and privations and sufferings unparalleled, till at last the army her keelson to her crosstrees" the crashing iron did such destinies hang on a single man, for it raking her from stern to stern, almost bends her was not the fate of a continent which rested on

rard arm to the water. The sun has now sank the issue of the struggle, but of human liberty the world over." Follow with your minds eye the eventful career of our American Fabius from the bloody defeat of Braddock, to the ever memorable cry of the ctherial ses," and still those sons of hoerty keep toiling on and though "gray twilight covered the scene, Mou trie and his men could destinctly hear the dull heavy sound" of their balls as they told with fearful certainty against while a state of the core walls of the core wall walls of the core wall of the core walls of the core wall of the core walls of the core wall of the cor man behind those rough logs was a hero. Sergrant Jasper leaped from the ramparts and walking upon the sand the entire face of the work,
amid the ratlling cannonade of over 100 guns,
cooly fastened the flag, that a chance shot had
parted from its halyards, upon a sponge staff
the blood-stained foot tracks of a Valia Forge. parted from its halvards, upon a sponge staff and mounting the battlements, the Stars and See him retire from the army in moment's of Stripes again waved 'oer the gallant band.—
Sergeant McDaniel as he was borne from the of Old, with the "God of Battles" in prayer.—

the Potomac—Requiescat in pace. The memory of his virtues will never fade from the hearts of his countrymen, but flourish in everlasting youth, fresh and green as the v rdure that bends o'er his tomb on the margin of his own

favorite river.
Fellow citizens, I have spoken of our rapid progress, you can follow that progress rapidly through the war of 1812, when the proud mistrest of the seas was humbled on her own fa-verite element. You have perceived our civil growth and prosperity, to which, there seems no limit—while recent events upon our south western frontier, have added new lustre to our with never-fading laurels.

Fellow citizens, it does not become me on this occasion, to discuss the crigin or causes of the Mexican war, its history cannot

yet be written. We meet to-day on common

ground, and unite in the toast of the heroic Decater. Our "country, may she always be right, but right or wrong, our country." We can cater. Gur "country, may she always be right, but right or wrong, our country." We can see and rejoice that we are not the "degenerate sons of worthy sires," that the military spirit of '76 is not dead within us. While we have a Taylor and a Scott, a Walker and a May, a Davis and a Worth, while the blood of a Yell, a Ringgold, a McKee, a Hardin, a Lincoln and a Clay tertilizes the averglader and whith the a Clay tertilises the everglades and while the bones of our sons bleach on the plains of Mexico we need not fear that insult will be heaped upon our National Flag, or European interfer-ence in the affairs of this continent thrust upon us at the point of the baychet. The same ener-gy of character, the same exciteable daring, the gy of character, the same exciteable daring, the same (earlessness of spirit, the same contempt for suffering and danger that distinguished the sons of '76, is now displayed under the burning sun of Mexico. In the bloody battles of Resacade to Palma and Palu Alto, in the lightning-like manusivers of their flying artiflery; in the headlong charge of the Murat of the army, Lt. Gol. May, in the characteristic words of Old Rough and Ready, "I will be in Fort Brown to night if I live," are seen the energetic working of the Anglo American character, turned from the peaceful occupations of creating cities rail-

man shall wash his nets in the River of the ten thousand masts."

All varieties of war are here displayed from the wild yell of savage massacre, to the steady shock of the old continentals, from the skirmish of rifles, to the thundering charge of cavalitiery of fifes, to the thundering charge of cavalitiery of Knox, from the clumsy attack of the Hessian to the swift rush of the French Voltigeur.

And what scenery! Amid the unbroken forests of Canada and the dank swamps of the palmetto State. On the sandy plains of New Jersey and the granite rocks of New England. On the sunny slopes of the Carolina's, and the hloud stained snows of Valley Forge. On the green margin of the Brandywine and the ice bound shores of the Delaware, "is seen the march of armies and his heard the thunder of

of war and you will not find a parallel.

To recount all the brave deeds of "our army in Mexico" would require more time and talent than your speaker is now possessed of, and to all of you would be but "twice told tales.' But the morning of the 22d of February, that one hundred and tifteen years ago was the glorious birth day of a Nation's regenerator, must not be left unnotited. That morning's sun shone over the hill-tops of Buena Vista, lit up the encampment of Taylor & the myriad hosts of Santa
Anna, that filled the horizon like swarms of locusts, you recollect the result of that contest you remember that less than 5000 volunteers routed and put to flight more than 20,0 00 of the Mexique hosts, and, as you remember, you exult and feel glad at the success of our chieftains and soldlery. But should you turn to the list of killed and wounded who fell in that sanguieary struggle and recalled that one of those brave men, was of more importance to his country, than myriads of those Mexican maggot that batten on the corruption engendered in that misguided revolutionary republic. You must feel, with the rough old Hero of that battle, "no cause to exult over a victory thus dearly

purchased: The fall of San Juan de Uluca, the Giberalter appalling rose before us, that the firmest heart sunk for a moment in despondency. The trumpet of war sounded through all our peaceful settlements, calling the artisan from his bench, the Farmer from his plough and the man of iphan like the tonquering expedition of Cortez all the numerous battles of that short but briliant campaign, all show the indomitable energy & irresistable prowes of our citizen soldiery All honor to the brave—peace to the ashes of the dead, that died for their country.

Fellow citizens, while we thus exult with heart-

felt gratitude at our situation and our prospects, it becomes us as men, as Patriots, to ruard against future and impending danger .sand and one' important events and changes of party tactics and party warfare, that are constantly overthrowing our Governments and un-dermining our constitution, will ever move, the one millionth of a hair, the firm columns of our Republic. But look about you, there may be a cloud in the horizon, albeit no larger than a man's hand, that may yes darken our whole political heavens.

It may yet be that the very elements of our prosperity and success, will be the chief instru-ments of our overthrow, and oh! how poignant will be our anguish, if our future history shall manifest to the world that our own rapid growth and overleaping ambition were inherre

and overleaping ambition were inherent with disolution and ruin.

"So the struck Eagle, stretched upon the plain, No more thro' rolling clouds to soar again, Viewed his own feather on the fats! dart, And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart; Keen were his pangs, but heener far to feel He nursed the pinion that, that impelled the steel, While the same plumage that had warmed his nest, Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

The powerful minds of our Nation have often described the rising storm and raised the criv of

thing American that will bear stripes"—we have passed a century of prosperity and power, it has conducted us gloriously through the bloody wars, and perhaps now waves high and wide over the "Halls of the Montezumas."—
Then ralle round that glorious banner and with determined fortitude, solemnly sworn that our proud bird of Jove, thall hever stoop under insult, that no bright star shall ever be blotted from its blue firmament.

Venerable man! to your experienced vision

Venerable man! to your experienced vision, the presence of this assemblage is no new event. You have this day heard the roar of cannon not as you were wont to hear it, in the heat and dust of battle. You have seen the flag of your country flung out upon the breeze, not torn with bulletts nor waiving over fields of blood western frontier, have added new justre to our arms, and wreathed the brows of our soldiery with never-fading laurels.

Fellow citizens, it does not become me fully reminds us that time in his advantible fully reminds us that time in his advantible. course, has swept your comrades, one by one to the silent tomb, & the places that once knew them, now knows them no more foreyer."—
Those who stood shoulder to shoulder with you Those who stood shoulder to shoulder with you in the strife and turmoil of war, are gove to join the chieftain you all so tenderly loved in the "land of spirits." You must so a "join the innumerable caravan that moves to the pale realms of shade." Your morning reveille of life beat high with hope of honor & glory, that hepe has not failed you, fortunate in your birth you became the defender of your country and your country now honors you. When your declining sun shall sink at last, when the evening tatoo shall beat, may it find you with your "knapsack slung" ready to join the brave men who fell sacrifices to the manes of Freedom, on

the altar of Liberty.

Cherish then, fellow citizens, the principles of our forefathers, protect and defend the surred trust they have resigned to your guardian care with sleepless eye and untiring viglence. Remember that life is worthless without Freedom -Freedom without education and virtue, but

licentiousness.

I call upon you, mothers, to emulate the he-foic fortitude and virtue of the heroines of '76; toic fortitude and virtue of the heroines of '76; teach your offspring to venerate the virtues of its Patriots of old, to imitate their glorious deeds. 'Tis not from you that danger to our liberties may ever be expected—the sympathizing spirit of woman—"God's first, best gift to man"—has alway been found with the downstrodden and oppressed; those who are 'ever last at the cross and first at the sepulchte," wil', never by their influence or counsel, stain the estutcheon of the country.

And I call upon you Fathers, to preserve unsimpaired the rights and liberties of your country; the surest way to instruct the youthful

try; the surest way to instruct the youthful mind is by example—let your example be with-out spot or blemish, and the rising generation will be worthy of their country and their free-

tering steps of feeble infancy.

And I call upon you young men, to remember whose sons you are. Remember the high heritage of freedom soon to be left you, by a gen: efous country. Those who are now upon this stage of life will soon retire to make way for your Our Magistrates, Our Legislator, Our Governors and our great men, will soon give place to those who in the cloister like stillhess of the camp, will soon hear the sum-mons to the battle field of life. Come strong for the contest. And O! if you have the ener-

"In the world's broad field of battle In the bivonuc of life Be not like dumb driven cattle Art is long, and time is fleeting
And our hearts though stout and brave
Still like muffled drums are beating

Trust no future, how'er pleasant Let the dead past, bury its dead Act -act in the living present Heart within and God oer bead.

Funeral marches to the grave.

Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublims And departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another Sailing o'er lifes solumn main A forlorn and ship wrecked brother Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing With a heart for any fate Still achieving, still persuing Learn to labor, learn to wa

FROM THE PEAINS .- A gentleman; writing rom Fort Leavenworth, under date of the 20 to a friend in this city, says, that reports had reached the Fort that hostile Indians; in great reached the Fort that hostile Indians; in great numbers, were as far in towards the settlements as Countil Grove. Captain Shepard's company departed for Santa Fe on the 17th, and Capt. Wochner's on the 19th. Another company was to have started on the 21st.—Capt. S,; when last heard from; was at the Kansas crossing—twenty miles from Fort Leavenworth. eavenworth.

The Mexican who han been scelped and ba dly speared at Walnut Creek, by the Caman-ches, was still alive. He saved his life "by playing possum," says the writer. The A-merican that was killed, fought desperately," firing on his knees, when he could no longer stand, doing exocution."—St. Louis Reveille.

CONNECTICUT Caors.—The editor of the

The farmers—almost always grumbling—anticipate good crops generaly. The grass is very heavy. Corn, potatoes and grains promise well, although not so advanced yet as to make the the crop certain.

sun, that on the 17th of June 1775 gilded the crest of Bunker Hill. With memory's telescopic vision, you glance over the buried past and see that little redoubt, filled with 1500 as noble spirits, as ever breathed the air of heavy memory stelescopic its, as ever breathed the air of heavy sound of the pick-axe and the rattling earth as regardless of the fearful cannonade from Boston harbor, or

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